

ON  
 The never too much lamented Death of the most  
 Illustrious PRINCESS  
 HENRIETTA MARIA,  
 Duchess of ORLEANS, &c.

AN ELEGY.

Proud France ! no more thy Flaxdrian Conquests boast,  
 They are but pebbles to the Gem thou'lt lost.  
 No more, No more triumphant Arches raise,  
 To mournful Cypress turn thy joyful Bays.  
 England thy total dissolution fears,  
 Swoln big with Triumphs, now thou'rt burst with Tears.  
 Vaunt no more what Conqu'ring France can do,  
 HENRIETTA dead, thou'rt a Low-Country too.  
 The Flow'r de Luce is mantled now with night ;  
 She's set whose only Lustre made it bright.  
 'Gainst death bend all thy Forces, make him see  
 His Conquests too's nought but a Robberie.  
 Never with him be reconcil'd that dare  
 'Gainst Law fall on, and ne're proclaim a War :  
 Few Thieves so cruel are in any Land,  
 Before they rob, they use to bid men stand.  
 Yet thus far in his Onset Death was wise,  
 He manacled not her Hands, but bound her Eyes :  
 For had she cast a look at him, his Arm  
 Had ne're been strong enough to do Her harm.  
 The stroke was sudden, or else doubtless She  
 With one sharp Look had stabb'd th' Anatomy.

What ! snatch'd so quickly hence ! Too clownish Fate !  
 The King of Terrors should have come in state  
 To fetch a Princess : but by this we see  
 They who're in Love, forget their Majesty.  
 I'll scarce believe She's dead, nor him that says,  
 Heav'n's Master-BUILDER would a Structure raise  
 Costly, and curious, and at last to Crown  
 His skill, would quickly let it tumble down.  
 Who ever rear'd a stately Pyramid,  
 On purpose t'have it quickly ruined ?

Methinks I hear the loud-mouth'd Cannons roar  
 Till they were hoarse, to welcome Her on Shore :  
 Methinks I see Coves-Castle still on fire,  
 \* That day no common Bon-fire did require : \* May 29th.  
 England then could not an Invasion fear,  
 What use for Castles, and our Goddess here ?

France could not bear the absence of Her light,  
 And therefore crav'd She might be still in sight :  
 But when She saw how She was treated here,  
 Fearing She ne're would move more in that Sphere

In which She lately shin'd, fate pensively  
 Bewailing this but-fear'd Calamity.  
 At length She spies Her in the Arms o'th' Main,  
 And dandled on the Waves return again,  
 O'rejoy'd to see Her land, did hug Her so,  
 That striving to b' a Friend, She prov'd a Foe,  
 And thinking t'hold Her fast, forc'd Her to go.

Unheard of way, Friends thus to welcome home !  
 First to salute, next to prepare a Tomb :  
 This to Congratulate Her safe Return !  
 To lead Her from the Ocean to the Urn !

What ! was She wasted only o're for this ?  
 To be Embalmed with Her Brother's Kiss ?  
 To Her, New-born, England a Cradle gave,  
 And must She go to France to find a Grave ?  
 But She was like the Sun ; and now i'th close  
 'Twas fit She should not set, where She arose.

France ! That were once the Garden of the World,  
 Art, now She's cropt, into Confusion hurl'd :  
 Now She is wither'd, Methinks all things fade,  
 Paris a Paradise 'twas She that made.  
 Nothing looks lively now, we're drooping all ;  
 Her Death hath chang'd the Summer to the Fall.  
 The Golden Orchard of th' Hesperides  
 In what was't richer than a Wilderness ?  
 When those fair Apples all were stollen away,  
 It was not worth the Dragons while to stay.  
 She gone, France lay each Souldier now to sleep,  
 What hast thou worth an arm'd Man's pains to keep ?  
 Thy Sun is set, all those surviving Lights  
 Compar'd with Her, that they are but fair Nights  
 Is all that France can brag : this more I'll say,  
 France last Year won the Field, this, lost the Day.

Her fall hath laid all the World's Wonders flat ;  
 There's nothing in it now worth wondring at :  
 Unless it be Her sad, untimely Fate,  
 Which Death too soon caus'd, I bewail too late.

— *Quis talia fando  
 Temperet a lacrymis ?*

J. M.